London Printed & Sold by L. LAVENU. Music Seller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, 29 New Bond Street

THE ORPHANS PRAYER,

A Pathetic Ballad,

THE WORDS BY

M. G. Lewis, Esqr.

and Set to Music

with an Accompaniment for the

Harp or Piano Forte,

BY

MISS ABRAMS.

Int.d at Stationers Hall

Pr. 1.s 6

NB in Order that no Printer or Publisher may plead Ignorance, they are desired to take Notice, that the Words & Music of this Song is Property.

L Lavenu

Andante

The frozen streets in Moonshine glitter, the midnight hour has long been

past, ah me the wind blows keen and bitter, I sink beneath the piercing

blast in every Vein seems life to languish their weight my limbs no more can

p

bear But no one soothes the Orphan's anguish and no one heeds the Orphan's prayer.

f *p*

2.d Verse a little faster

Hark, hark, for sure _ _ ly footsteps near me. advancing press the drifted

a tempo

Snow! I die for food oh Stranger hear me, I die for food some alms be=

p

=stow, you see no guil_ty wretch implore you no wanton pleads in feign'd des=

f

=pair a famish'd Orphan kneels before you oh grant the famish'd Orphan's prayer.

p

3.d Verse

Perhaps you think my lips dis_sembling of virtuous sorrows feign a

f *p*

tale, then mark my frame with anguish trembling, my hollow eyes, and fea_tures

pale, E'en should my sto_ry prove I__deal too well these wasted limbs _ de=

=clare my wants at least are not un_re_al then Stranger grant the Orphan's prayer.

p

4th Verse Faster

He's gone! no mercy man will show me in prayers no more I'll waste my

a tempo

breath, here on the fro - zen Earth I'll throw me and wait in mute despair - for

death farewel, thou cruel world tomorrow no more thy scorn my heart will

f

p

tear. the grave will shield the Child of sorrow and Heaven will hear the Orphan's prayer.

5th Verse

But thou proud Man the Beggar scorning unmoved who saw'st me kneel for

f

bread, thy heart shall ache to hear at morning that morning found the Beg_gar

dead and when the room resounds with laughter my famish'd cry thy mirth shall

scare and often shalt thou wish hereaf_ter thou hadst not scorned the Orphans prayer.